



## A NEW SONG CALLED THE BOLD RAKE OF LIMRICK

I am a bold rover I traveled this nation all over  
I travel'd it over my fort one to try  
To earn my living by cheerfully singing  
The praises of Sirin I will til I die  
I was always as willing to sport a bright shillin  
As any man living for a glass I will tell  
And for that very reason in the streets I was ta-  
ken  
And lodg'd for a month in Limrick Jail  
When I found myself laid in that cold situation  
I began to caper & crack the flags round  
The place being melodious I raised such a cho-  
rus  
The hollow roof echoed the voice all round  
The Governor that dwelld in that cursed prison  
He could not endure my pure party song  
The Governor came in to prevent me from sing-  
ing  
And order'd the torn key to handeniff me strong  
When I found myself handeniff'd I knew it we  
for spite  
For my song it was done  
Say's i my old fellow I'll have satisfaction  
And in a few moments I'll shew you some fun  
He threw me on the floor then kick'd at the  
door  
And I upset the table been mad for a smoak  
And out of the fire grat I pul'd a fine bath brick  
To batter the windows to complete the joke  
Then away for the police the keeper son sau-  
tered  
And the lads quickly enter'd with them in a  
trot  
Like hounds in full chase till they come to the  
place  
To know who would be the first on the spot  
when they came to the door to make me a-cate  
They held a long counsel for fear I'd slope  
It at last was decided by those curse'd villains  
To tie me neck hand & heels to the flags by a  
roape  
In this sad condition I lay till next morning  
Tied fast to the flags & got nothing to eat  
Strech'd oh the cold flags with my cloathes all  
in rags  
My face & eyes batter'd black & me in my pelt  
They kick'd & abuse'd & handle'd me sorely  
Within the barracks til my blood did appear  
Altho a poor stranger they shewed me no favour  
But cried my bold hero you may now live or die  
About ten the next morning they came to convey  
me  
They found me scarcely able to crawl on the  
ground  
Well guarded & tied to the con to be tryed  
But in the Magistrates no mercy found  
It was only for packing those devmons between  
the peepers  
And breaking an other fellow jaw bone  
That was the reason without any treason  
They gave me one month for drinking my own  
Dine by Denis Hanan;